

An Eaglemoss Publication

£1.50
UK &
EIRE

THE SPINECHILLER Collection

3



Reading's never been so
SCARY!

Malta LM1.25
Australia \$3.95
New Zealand \$4.95



Want to get the **CREEPS** again next week?
To make sure you get your copy of
The SpineChiller Collection every week,
ask an adult either to place a regular order with
your magazine retailer or take out a subscription
to The SpineChiller Collection.

UK

Subscriptions/Back Numbers

Simply write to The SpineChiller Collection, PO Box 1, Hastings, TN35 4TJ, enclosing a cheque/postal order made payable to Woodgate (Eagle Moss) Ltd for the cover price x the number of parts you wish to receive (minimum subscription 12 parts). Or call our credit card hotline on 01424 755 755.

UK Enquiries

Subscriptions/Back Numbers
Customer Services: 01424 755 755

UK Trade Enquiries

Gary Neale 0171 581 1371

Australia and New Zealand

Subscriptions: Write to the relevant address below or call the order hotline. Please enclose a cheque/money order for the cover price x the number of parts you wish to receive (minimum subscription is 12 parts).

Back Numbers: Either ask your magazine retailer to order the copies for you or, in case of any difficulties, write to the relevant address below, enclosing a cheque/money order for the cover price x the number of parts you wish to receive.

Australia Enquiries

Telephone: (03) 9872 4000.
Address: The SpineChiller Collection, MC Box 460, Eastern Mail Centre, VIC 3110. Please make cheques payable to Bissett Magazine Services P/L.

New Zealand Enquiries

Telephone: (09) 625 3010.
Address: The SpineChiller Collection, PO Box 24013, Royal Oak, Auckland. Please make cheques payable to Mercury Direct Marketing.

South Africa

Subscriptions:
Please call the order hotline on (011) 652 1807.

Back Numbers: Please write to The SpineChiller Collection, Private Bag 18, Centurion, 0046, enclosing a cheque/money order made payable to Eagle Moss Publications for the cover price x the number of parts you wish to receive.

Singapore, Malaysia, Malta & Cyprus

Back Numbers available from your magazine retailer.

Credits

The Cave Dwellers from Super Scary Stories for Sleepovers © Lowell House 1995

Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The Unexplained-TU.

Photographs: AKG London Ltd SBT2(c); The Corona Collection (Kobal/Columbia 1977) TU2(cu); Mary Evans Picture Library Ltd (Michael Buhler) TU1(bc), (Terry Hadler) TU1(bl), (George Richmond) CS4(bl); Fortean Picture Library TU1(c), (Loren Coleman) OHW1(c); The Ronald Grant Archives TU2(cr); Robert Harding Picture Library Ltd (Nigel Francis) OHW2(tl), (David Hughes) SBT2(t); Peter Hough TU2(c); Imperial War Museum SBT1(t, cl).

Illustrations: Christyan Fox OHW3-4(sp); Lee Gibbons TU1-2(sp); John Higgins OHW1-2(sp); Paul Johnson FRONT COVER(bc), SSS1-7(sp), SSS4-5(sp); David Millgate FRONT COVER(c), PUZ1-3(sp); Harvey Parker (Arena) CS1-4(sp); Luis Rey SBT1-2(sp); David Wyatt (Sarah Brown Agency) OHW2(c), Pop-up.

* While the publishers have made every effort to contact all copyright holders of illustrations published in this issue, we would be pleased to hear from any that we have not been able to locate.

Editorial and distribution offices
Eagle Moss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR
Editor: Janet Sacks **Art Editor:** Karen Lyons
Section Editors:
Vanessa Morgan, Carey Denton
Designers: Andy Archer, John Gilland
Picture Researcher: Katie Nesling
Production Controller: Teresa Magnowska
© 1997 Eagle Moss Publications
All rights reserved
Printed by: CSM Impact, England
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

FREE IN
ISSUE 4
Another
Spooky Snap



Next week in

THE SPINECHILLER
Collection

SUPER SCARY STORY
Flesh and Blood

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
France
Holiday Howler

STRANGE BUT TRUE
The Angels of Mons

CLASSIC SERIAL
The Phantom of the Opera
Chapter 4

PUZZLES
Pirates

THE UNEXPLAINED
Crop Circles

3 CONTENTS

SUPER SCARY STORY
The Cave Dwellers

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Republic of Ireland
A Fishy Affair

STRANGE BUT TRUE
The Faces of Belmez

PUZZLES
Ghosts

CLASSIC SERIAL
The Phantom of the Opera
Chapter 3

THE UNEXPLAINED
Animal Healing

THE CAVE DWELLERS



rian and his friends Tony, Hilary and Richard stepped from the darkened cinema into the brightly lit lobby.

"That was a really cool film!" Brian exclaimed, as he and the others stopped to look at a poster on the wall beside the entrance. It showed an archaeologist and his assistants uncovering a pair of ancient scrolls from a hidden compartment in an eerie old tomb. Several shadowy figures were lurking in the background, ready to cause trouble.

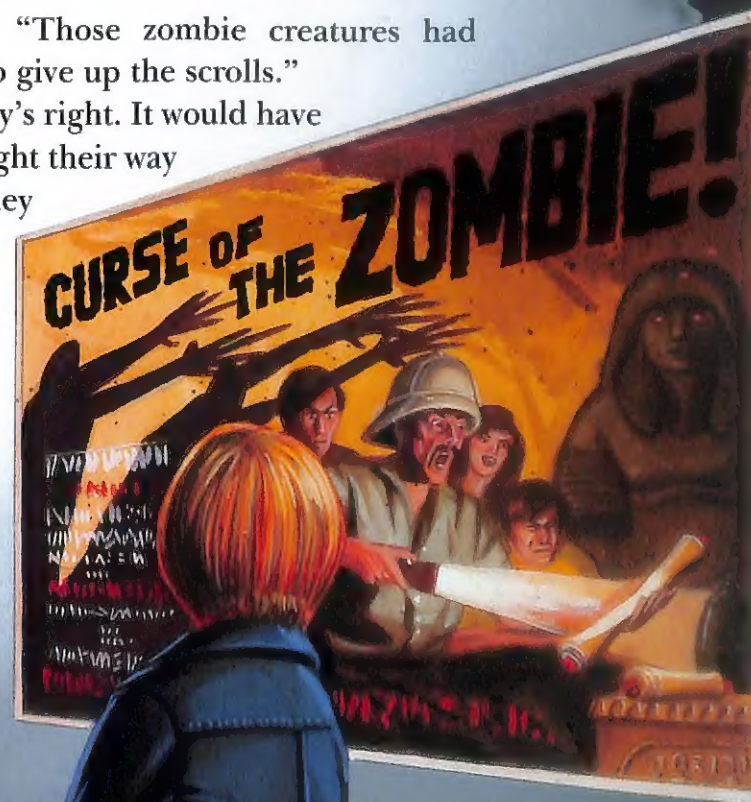
"Yeah, it was cool," Tony agreed. "But if I had been one of the assistants, I would never have let those old guys steal the scrolls without a fight."

"Come on!" Hilary said. "Those zombie creatures had them surrounded. They had to give up the scrolls."

Brian frowned. "I think Tony's right. It would have been better if they'd tried to fight their way out in the first place. Then they wouldn't have had to face the zombies later."

Hilary rolled her eyes. "Then there wouldn't have been much of a film!"

Richard hadn't said a word. In fact, he was still staring at the poster as if lost in thought. "You know what would be really cool?" he finally said wistfully. "If we could go on a dig in an ancient tomb or something like that."



"Well, you're out of luck," laughed Tony. "There are no tombs in America."

"No, but we could explore Spirit Cave," Hilary pointed out. "I read in a magazine that about twenty years ago, some people were exploring down south in Mammoth Cave and they found a mummy."

Richard sniggered and rolled his eyes. "Give me a break!"

"She's right," Brian said. "It wasn't like an Egyptian mummy or anything, but it was the body of some guy who died hundreds of years ago. Nobody's ever found anything as cool as that in the caves up around here, but Mr Glaser, my next-door neighbour who studies history, told me that Native Americans in this area used the caves right at the ridge of County Line Park for all kinds of things."

"Like what?" Richard asked with interest.

"They stored food there. And the shamans – they're kind of priests – would sometimes perform secret rituals to trap evil spirits."

"What kind of evil spirits?" Hilary questioned. Brian's story had mesmerized the circle of friends.

"Well, Mr Glaser told me about

some half-man, half-bat creatures that could make themselves invisible."

"Sounds cool," Tony commented.

"That's not what the local Native Americans thought," Brian said. "These bat creatures captured people."

"What for?" Richard asked with a shiver.

Brian shrugged. "Nobody knows for sure, but their victims were never seen alive again. The legend says that the shamans tracked the creatures to their hiding place in a cave, then used magic to seal them in." Suddenly an idea occurred to him. "Why don't we go and see if Mr Glaser's story has any truth in it?"

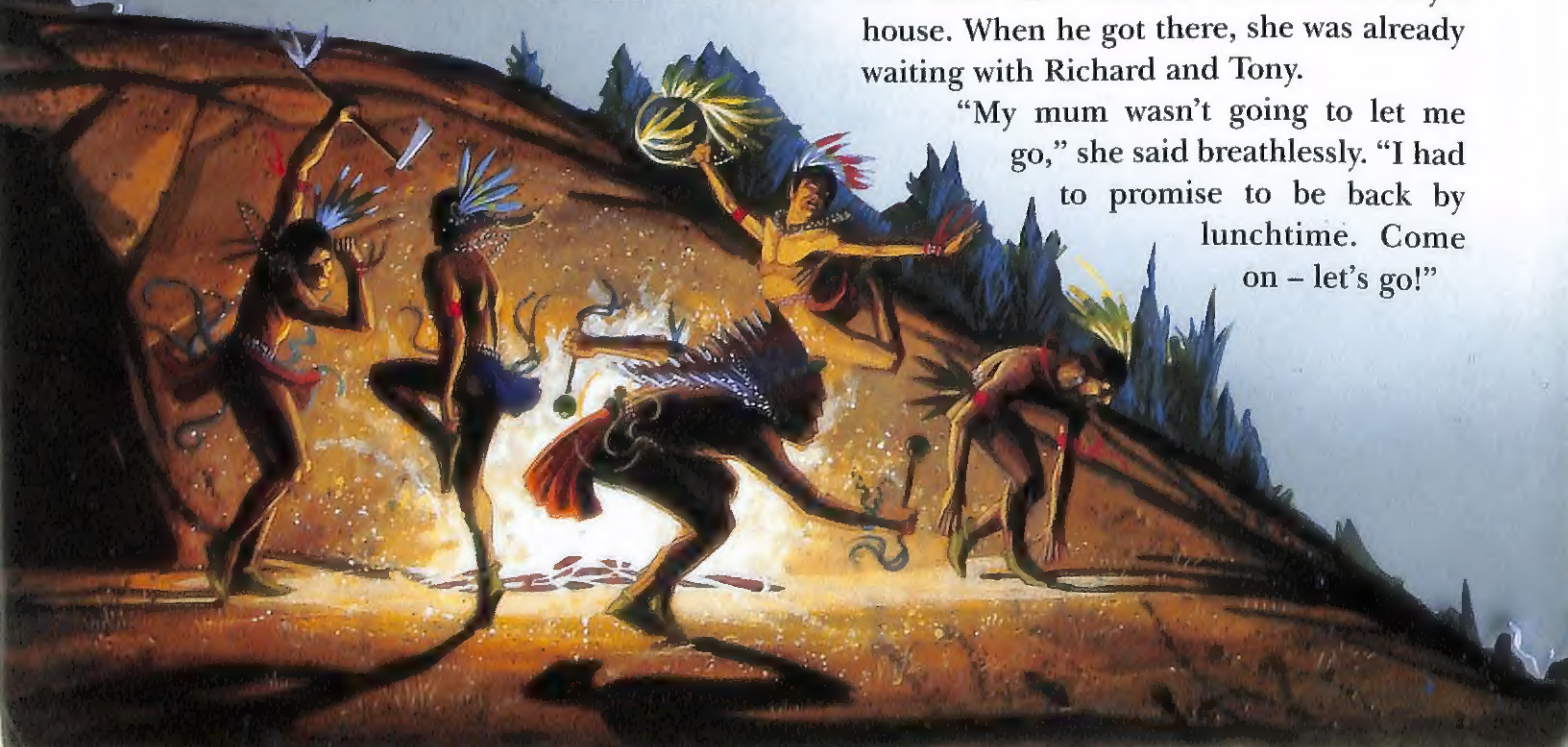
Tony shook his head. "But Spirit Cave has been explored to death."

"Who cares?" Brian said eagerly. "I bet you there are still some cool arrowheads up there, and it's close enough so that we can ride our bikes!"

It didn't take long for him to convince the others. They decided to set out on their expedition at the weekend.

On Saturday morning, Brian checked the batteries in his torch and popped some crisps in his backpack. Satisfied that he had everything he needed, he hopped on his bike and headed towards Hilary's house. When he got there, she was already waiting with Richard and Tony.

"My mum wasn't going to let me go," she said breathlessly. "I had to promise to be back by lunchtime. Come on – let's go!"



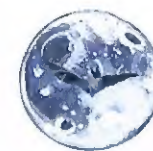
County Line Park was a grassy oasis on the border of a sparse forest of maple and beech trees. Underlying the forest was a layer of limestone. Over thousands of years, groundwater had seeped through the limestone, scouring out caves and channels within.

"We'll have to hike up from here," Brian explained to Richard, as he secured his bike cable around a tree. "There's a cave near the top of the hill. That's where my dad and I found all those arrowheads."

Ten minutes later, the group stood at the narrow cave entrance. Richard shone his torch inside. "Has anybody ever got lost in there?" he asked nervously.

"No," Brian assured him. "Spirit Cave doesn't go back very far. A couple of passages lead off it, but they're both dead ends. If it's bat people you're worried about, forget it."

"Come on, you guys!" Hilary called. "I don't want to waste time out here. Let's see what we can find inside."



One by one, the friends slipped inside the low, wide chamber, which was dim and cool in spite of the sunny day. Richard moved the slender beam of his torch across the sandy floor.

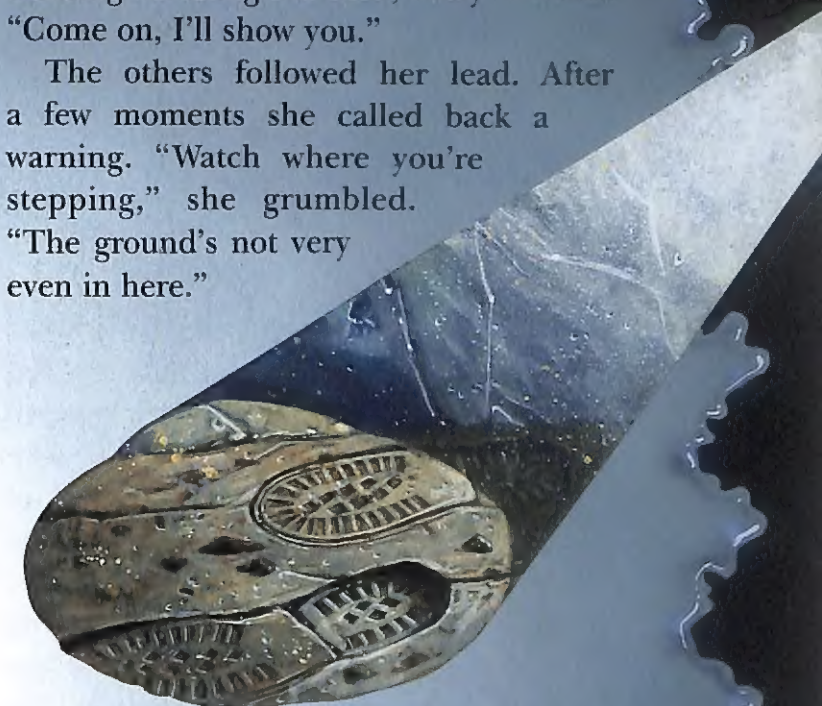
"From the footprints, it looks as if this place has been well explored," he said disappointedly. "We won't find anything."

"Look!" Tony said with mock pride. "I've already made a discovery." He held a crushed can in the glow of his torch.

"What is this?" Richard asked, ignoring him. He pointed his torch towards a smaller opening.

"One of the passages," Hilary answered, heading off along the dark, rocky corridor. "Come on, I'll show you."

The others followed her lead. After a few moments she called back a warning. "Watch where you're stepping," she grumbled. "The ground's not very even in here."



But Hilary's warning came too late for Richard, who stumbled over a furrow in the path and dropped his torch. It rolled into the shadows at the far edge of the corridor and became lodged in a crevice between two slabs of rock.

"I'll get it," Tony offered, trotting over to it. But as he moved Richard's torch to pick it up, he noticed that the beam lit up something beyond the passage wall. Two light-coloured slabs of limestone with odd markings scratched into them covered most of the gap.

"There's an opening here!" he said excitedly. "It looks as if somebody put these rocks here on purpose, but they're a little loose." He motioned to his friends. "Come here, you guys. Help me."

"Wait a minute," Brian cautioned. "Those look like some sort of ancient

carvings on the slabs. Maybe we shouldn't touch them until someone who knows what they're doing sees them."

"We're just going to take a look," Tony said. "Come on. If it looks dangerous, we'll put the rocks back over the opening and let somebody else know about it."



With a hesitant shrug, Brian agreed. Working together, the four of them were able to roll the two limestone slabs out of the way, exposing a wide gap big enough to crawl into.

Hilary knelt at the edge of the opening and leaned over. "Brrrrrr, the air in here is cold and musty," she said, turning her torch from one angle to another. "I hear running water. Let's check it out."

"Maybe we should go back..." Brian began, but Tony interrupted. "Come on, Brian. This may be what we're looking for. I don't want anybody else to get to it first."

"Tony's right," Richard agreed.

Squeezing through the gap, the friends found themselves at the top of a wide rock ledge in a cavern wall. Almost like a steep ramp jutting out from the rock wall, the ledge sloped steadily down about thirty feet to the floor of a very large cavern. The moist, rocky walls all around them had a slight greenish glow that was just bright enough to enable the group to see their surroundings.

"I've heard about stuff that glows in caves," Brian whispered, as they made

their way carefully down the steep ledge to the floor of the cavern. "It's some kind of fungus or something."

Tony held up his hand. "Listen. Did you hear that? I heard some squeaking. I'll bet there are bats in here." He turned his flashlight to the cavern roof, but saw only bare rock.

"Look!" Richard cried, pointing the beam of his torch towards a large boulder near the opposite wall. The huge rock was covered with primitive markings. A small, swift stream of water ran in a channel beside it. "There's your running water, Hilary. It must be an underground stream. It seems to be from an opening about halfway up the wall, then it disappears into that tunnel. It probably goes back underground. And look..." He played the beam of his light across the entrances to several passageways that led off from the main cavern. "This place must be riddled with tunnels and caverns that no one knows about. Just think – because of a freak accident with my torch, we'll be the first to explore them!"



Creeping across the cavern floor, Richard examined the wall beside the big rock. The damp, glistening surface was inscribed with the same strange markings as the boulder. All at once he gasped and backed away, bumping into Brian. Both boys fell to the soft earth right at the foot of a statue carved into the rock wall.

Its large, evil face stared directly down at them, and its hideous eyes shone with the reflected gleam



of Brian's torch. Brian gasped. "It's... it's a statue of a monster," he said with a shudder.

"It's like the creatures in the local Native American legend," Richard said, staring at it in awe.

The body appeared almost human, but a pair of bat-like wings rose behind it and its long fingers were tipped with hooked claws. The scowling mouth of the stone creature was open, and crystal clear water bubbled out over its sharp stone teeth, then trickled down the body, forming a pool at the statue's feet before flowing away into the darkness beyond.

"Wow!" Hilary marvelled as she looked up at the statue. "It's incredible! Somebody must have thought this place was really important to go to all the work of carving this." She reached out her cupped hand and let it fill with water.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Brian cautioned. "My guess is that this statue was carved by shamans as a warning about something. Maybe the water's poisonous."

"Oh, come on!" she answered. "The streams around here are OK to drink." She lifted her hand to her lips and took a sip. "It's good." Her voice echoed slightly.

"Listen to that," Richard said, smiling. "There's an echo." He raised his head and called out, "Hellooo!" The sound vibrated eerily through the chamber.

"Don't do that," Brian begged. He fought a sudden urge to race out of the cave. "I have a bad feeling about this place. Look, now we know what's down here, let's just..." But before he could finish, Richard cupped both hands around his mouth, threw back his head, and called out an even louder, "Hellooooo!"

All at once the cavern filled with a whirling sound, and then the air seemed to boil and surge with the beating of hundreds of small, unseen wings.

"What's happening?" Hilary cried out. Something invisible struck her cheek, leaving a long scratch. A droplet of blood welled up below her eye and trickled down to her mouth.

Richard fell to the floor and covered his face, while Tony crouched in a corner. Pinned against the slimy wall, Brian felt pokes and jabs coming at him from every side as the squealing noise rose all around him to a frenzied pitch. It was happening so fast. All he could do was lash out at the invisible, winged creatures racing back and forth, casting horrific shadows across the walls of the cavern.

Finally the fury subsided, and the cavern grew quiet. "What was that?" Hilary moaned as she dabbed cool water from the stream on to her injured cheek. Then she jumped back with a shriek. "There's something in this water!"

Brian looked down and saw that she was right. Something was struggling to stay afloat in the pool of water that rippled at the feet of the statue. Slowly, a shadow began to form and,

at last, a small brown bat became visible.

It laboured to the edge of the pool, then flew upwards to nestle in the shadows of the cavern roof.

Brian looked at Richard sternly. "Don't yell in here again!" he said, glancing upward at the seemingly bare roof. "There must be hundreds of bats up there – we just can't see them. And if we can't see them, who knows what else might be in here?"

"Invisible bats? But how did they become invisible?" Tony asked with a tremor in his voice.

"The water!" Richard rasped, pointing at Hilary.

To everyone's amazement, their friend was starting to fade. With a sob, she held up her hands. "You – you can see right through me!" she said with gasp, looking at Brian in bewilderment. Suddenly Brian saw that she wasn't looking at him, but beyond him. Her expression was turning from confusion to one of complete panic.

"Get away!" she screamed, snapping her horrified gaze from side to side. "Stay away from me!"

"The water!" Brian yelled, as his friend disappeared completely. He reached out for her, and although he could still feel her, she just wasn't there! "Quick, Hilary! Get into the water!" he demanded, forcing her towards the pool. "Drinking the water probably made you invisible, just like the bats. One of them reappeared when it got soaked by

the pool. Maybe the same will work for you."

"It's working,"

Tony whispered in awe, as Hilary landed in the water and slowly became visible again. And as she did, the boys could see that her face was twisted into a grimace of sheer terror.

"They're all around us!" she wailed, clutching Brian. "Those things..." She stabbed her finger in the air towards the carved stone statue. "I could only see them when I was invisible! They're everywhere!"

"We've got to get out of here!" Richard yelled.

Suddenly Brian felt powerful clawed hands reaching for him, grabbing him. Flailing his arms, he beat at the enemy he could not see. Following Hilary's lead, he stumbled back across the cavern floor towards the ledge that led up to the gap through which they had entered.

"HELLLPP!" Tony screamed from somewhere in the shadows.

Struggling to climb the rocky, sloping ledge, Brian witnessed Tony and Richard being dragged towards a dark side passage by creatures he couldn't see.

"We can't help them now!" Hilary shouted. "Keep going!"

They continued their ascent, sliding on the damp, slippery ledge. At the top, Hilary clambered through the small opening, then helped Brian up behind her.

"The limestone slabs!" he choked out between breaths. "Someone must have put them there to trap the invisible creatures in

the cavern. The legend is true! The markings must be some kind of magical symbols that the monsters can't pass beyond. We've got to put the slabs back exactly as they were when we found them!"

Together they slid the heavy slabs into place, trying unsuccessfully to line up the odd markings. Then they raced along the upper passage and burst through the cave opening into the bright midday sunlight. Hilary fell sobbing to the ground.

"We made it!" she cried. "We're safe! We've got to go back for Tony and Richard. But first, let's go and get help."

Brian looked over to her and felt chilled to the bone.

"Not so fast," he whispered, pointing to the ground. Although there was nothing to be seen around them, they were surrounded by a ring of shadows... shadows with huge bat wings and long-fingered hands with hooked claws.

And the shadows were closing in...



THE END

OUR HAUNTED WORLD

From the Republic of Ireland, we bring you haunting tales of strange water beasts and other ghostly goings-on!



TUNE IN!

It's been discovered that the prehistoric tombs of Baltinglass Hill, in County Wicklow, are sending out radio waves! But no one knows what these signals mean!

NO VHF AT NEWGRANGE MOUND!

Overlooking the river Boyne in County Meath is the famous prehistoric grave mound and stone circle of Newgrange. Like Stonehenge and other stone circles, the Newgrange stones are arranged to work as a sort of calendar. At dawn on December 21st each year – the day of the winter solstice – something amazing happens. A beam of sunlight passes through a slit in the roof, shines through an incredible 180-metre passage, finally to illuminate an ancient pattern of spirals! No one knows who was buried there, but recent scientific research has made a very strange discovery: the Newgrange mound has the power to completely blank out radio transmissions!



▲ Built in about 3200BC, Newgrange mound is made of stones and layers of turf.
► These spiral carvings get lit up just once a year!



THE WORM OF GALWAY

Lake monsters are said to exist all over the world. County Galway seems to have more than its fair share with over 20 loughs (lakes) with monsters! The local name is *peiste* (say pay-shdee), meaning 'worm'. In loughs Nahoon and Fadda it is described as a giant serpent with a horned, horse-like head and a long, snaky body. A twelfth-century *peiste*, living in County Kerry, made midnight feasts of local people and their cattle!

Scientists now think that a type of prehistoric serpentine whale, called a *zeuglodon*, may not be extinct after all! With its flexible backbone, this 20-metre giant would have moved and looked very like the *peiste*. If the *peiste* is like the *zeuglodon*, it can move on land for short periods in search of food. Now you know why no one swims in some Irish lakes!

The Wailing Banshee

Ancient Irish families are haunted by the blood-curdling scream of a weeping woman, warning of the death of someone close. It can also happen far from Ireland. James O'Barry of Boston, USA, heard the banshee's wail at midday on November 22nd, 1963. Later that same day, his friend, American President John F. Kennedy, was assassinated.



THE HAUNTED 'DREAM HOME'

In the 1950s, the Butlers were house-hunting when Mrs Butler had recurring dreams about the perfect house in Ireland. She described the house in detail to an estate agent, who said that such a house really existed and was up for sale. When asked why the big house was so cheap, the agent admitted that the house was haunted. But when the Butlers visited the house, the owners said, "The haunting's nothing to worry about, Mrs Butler, for *you* are the ghost!" Apparently, while Mrs Butler dreamt of the house, the owners had seen her ghostly image walking round their home!



A FISHY AFFAIR

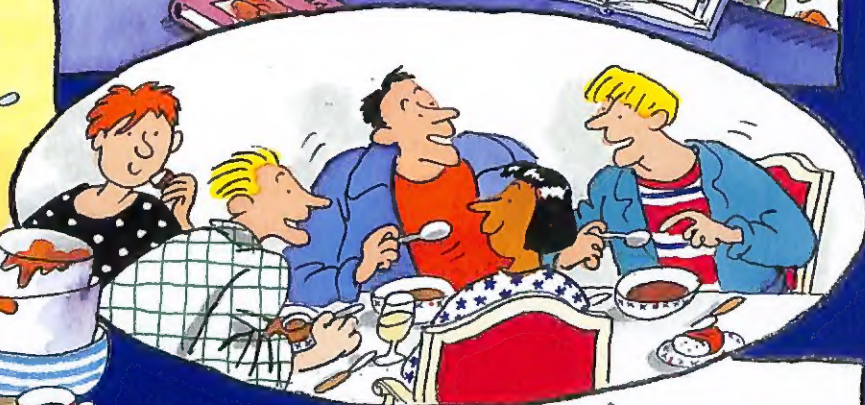
Marie, a friend of a friend, had just moved to Dublin...

1 With her parents away for the weekend, she asked her boyfriend and some other friends round for a meal. She didn't want to dish up her usual boring pasta, so she spent ages trying to decide what to cook.



2 Irish salmon is always a treat, so she bought the biggest one she could afford. She spent most of the afternoon cooking the fish and waiting for it to cool down before decorating it.

3 The friends arrived and tucked into the soup. Everyone said it was brilliant, but Marie thought to herself, "If you think tinned soup is good, just wait until you try the salmon!"



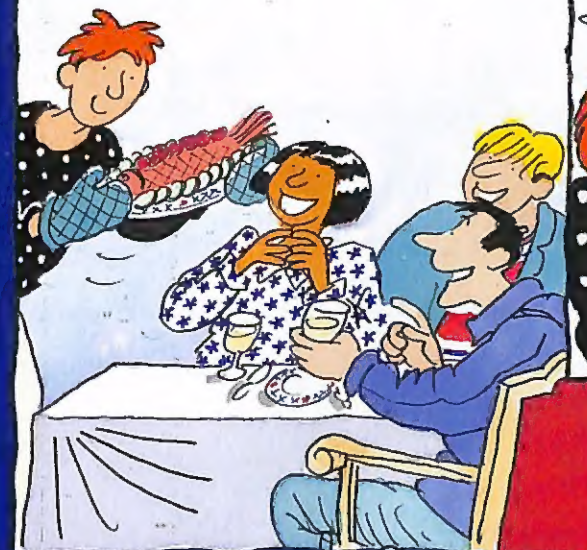
4 Collecting the empty plates, she went to the kitchen to fetch the salmon – and saw a dreadful sight! The greedy cat was crouched over her beautiful salmon, scoffing happily on a big chunk of fish!



5 The cat fled as soon as he spotted the furious Marie. There was no time to cook anything else, so she niftily rearranged some bits of lemon and cucumber to cover the missing chunk of fish.



6 When she walked in with the beautiful-looking salmon, everyone was hugely impressed – just as she'd hoped they'd be.



7 Happy that no one had found out what the cat had been up to, she later went to the kitchen to make coffee – only to discover the cat writhing round on the floor.



9 Finally, she plucked up courage to explain how the cat had been poisoned by the fish. Her mates were shocked. Grabbing their coats, they raced off to the nearest hospital.



8 Convinced that the cat must be suffering from food poisoning caused by the salmon, Marie was in a dilemma. Should she tell her friends about the cat or say nothing?



10 Home from hospital with an empty tummy and her social life in tatters, Marie's doorbell rang.



11 It was the milkman. He'd called round earlier, but no one had heard the bell. He just wanted to say 'sorry' for dropping a milk crate on the cat that morning, and wanted to make sure that the poor creature hadn't had any after-effects!





THE FACES OF BELMEZ

August 1971

Faces on the Floor!

Maria Pereira was cleaning the kitchen floor of her home in Belmez, Spain, when she gave a sudden shriek of horror – for there, on the floor looking up at her, was a face! Maria tried to scrub out the image, but it would not go. In fact the longer she left it, the clearer the face became. Finally, Maria's husband Juan dug up the slab and cemented over the hole in the floor. But a few days later, eyes, then a nose and, before long, the face of an old man could be seen staring out of the cement. Since then several more faces have appeared on the floor. The slab with the face on it has been given to local authorities to investigate.

Feb 1972

Mystery Bones

Human bones have been found under the floor of the house in Belmez, southern Spain, where the faces appeared. It turns out that the house was built on the ground of a medieval cemetery and these are the burial remains. Are the faces those of tortured souls trying to come back and tell us something? If so, why do they only appear in Maria Pereira's house? Other houses are also built on this consecrated ground. A woman, claiming to be a medium, says the faces may be of a family who were entombed in a cave nearby. Who can tell?

My dear daughter,

You should see the number of visitors my friend Maria has had, because of the faces. The officials gave her back the slab with the first face and they are now charging people to see it. More faces keep appearing of men, women and children. This Easter, crowds jammed the street outside, trying to get in. I keep looking at our floor to see if any faces have appeared!

Evidence no: 391/2
Letter from a neighbour to her daughter.

Evidence no: 391/1
Photo of a face on the floor



SUMMARY OF THE INVESTIGATOR'S REPORT

The investigator made tests on the slab and could not discover how the image was made. The material of the face is exactly the same as that of the stone. No paint or other substance can be detected. This does not seem to be the work of a human hand.

He organised a team to investigate any fakery. The kitchen was completely sealed off with plastic sheeting and cameras set up. Although, in the end, there was not enough light to take photos, it was impossible for anyone to enter the room and draw on the floor.

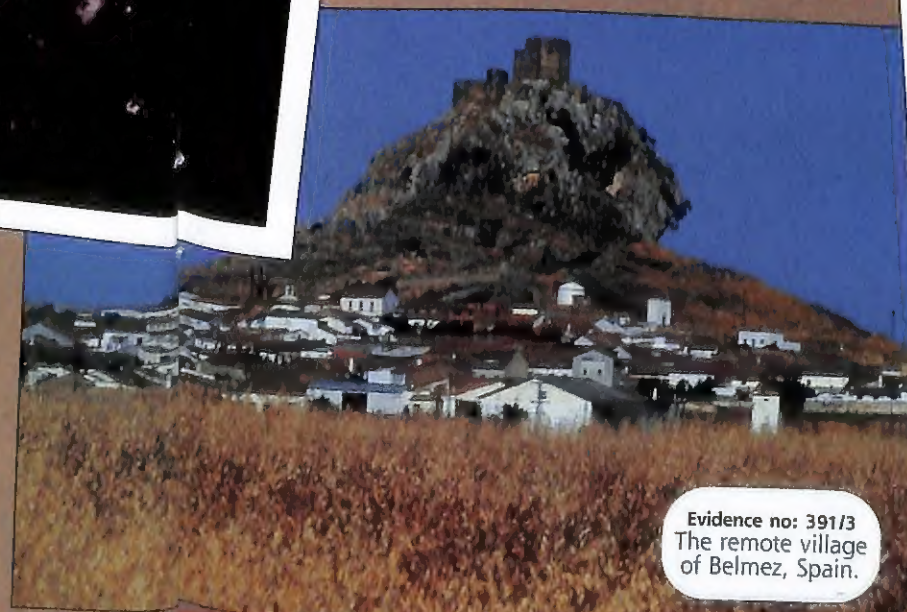
He set up microphones and a tape recorder in the house and the results were baffling. Recordings of small children crying and a woman screaming were obtained. There were also voices of a man and woman quarrelling. Despite exhaustive tests, he cannot explain the appearance of the faces or the noises in the kitchen.

Special Investigation File: 391

Mysterious appearance of faces on the floor of a house in Belmez, in southern Spain.

SpineChiller creates a file

Confidential



Evidence no: 391/3
The remote village of Belmez, Spain.



Evidence no: 391/4
Photo of a second face on the floor.



GHOSTLY TYPES

Below are the names of five different types of ghostly creature. The letters in each name have been mixed up. Can you unscramble the names and then match them to the seated ghosts in the picture?

BZEMOI
EARIMPV
vampire

HUGOL
GOUNE
BESHNEA
Banshee

Why, thank you.
You're pretty
revolting yourself.

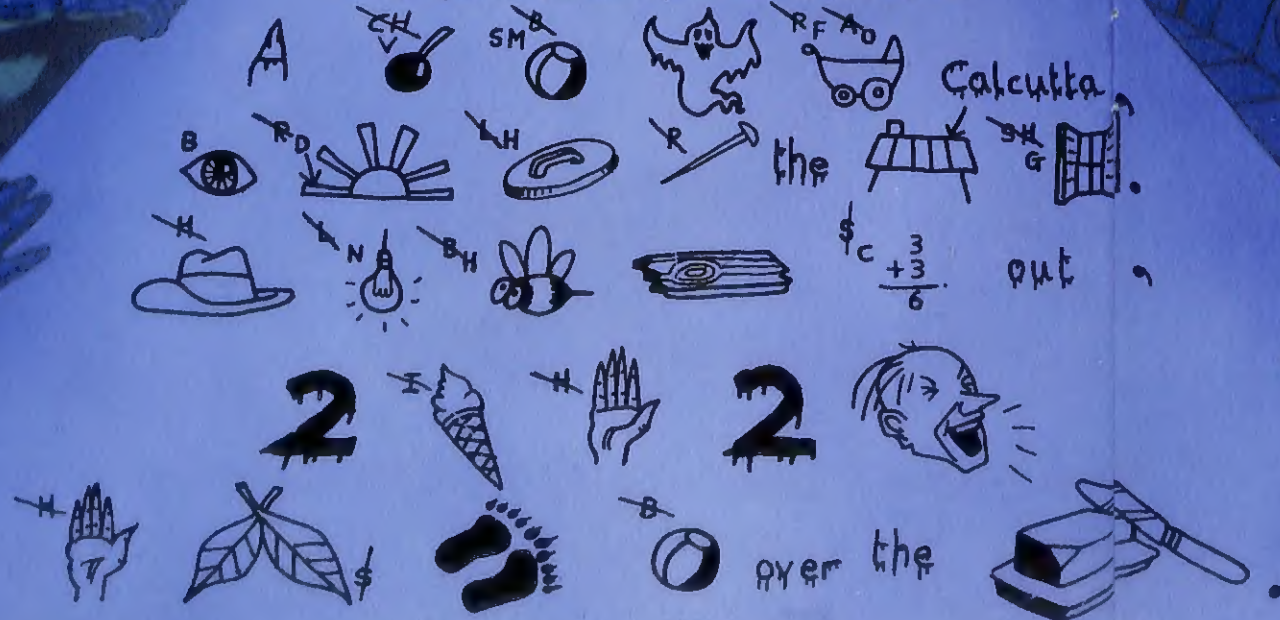
PUZZLING PORTRAIT

Whose is this ghostly portrait? All is not what it seems. Look at it in another way and tell us what you see.

I think you're really horrible.

WRITING ON THE TABLE

Ghostly writing has appeared on the table.
To understand what it says, you must say the
names of the pictures, replacing the letters where
indicated. (It is the sound of the word, not its spelling,
that is important.) Now do you know what it means?



FANTASTIC FACTS

Phantom cities in the sky have been seen over Sweden and Ireland. And legend has it that an ancient version of the city of Bristol can be seen over Alaska during June and July of every year!

ODD GHOST OUT

Which named ghost is the odd one out?

FREAKY FACTS

Pond Square in London is said to be haunted by the ghost of a shivering, headless chicken that runs and flaps round in circles. It was at Pond Square that scientist Francis Bacon conducted early experiments in freezing chickens.

GHOST TOUR

Moneybags Mansion has 12 ghosts. Lord Moneybags is studying the ground floor plan. "If I can divide the house into four sections of the same shape and size, each containing three ghosts," he says, "I can have four tours going round at the same time. Now how can I do that?"
Can you help him?

Hil I'm the...
haunted television -
broadcasting from
ghost to ghost!

What's dead
and goes 'Buzz'?

A Zom-bee!

*A ghostly figure has
been seen at Wapping
Old Stairs by the River
Thames. Some think it
is the ghost of Hanging
Judge Jeffries who
sentenced many prisoners
to death there and who
was caught at Wapping
himself when he tried to
flee the country
in 1688.*

OLD STAIRS AT
WAPPING.

SHIP IN A BOTTLE

This ghost ship appears near Block Island, USA, where she ran aground in 1752. Her name is on the stand, but each letter has been changed for the one before or after it in the alphabet.

ANSWERS
GHOSTLY TYPES: Zombie, Vampire.
PUZZLING PORTRAIT: The man
turned upside down.
WRITING ON THE TABLE: A very
spooky drawing. Christine was
in the room. At night, the
came out to scream and to shout. And
the butler
ODD GHOST OUT: Fred, because he has 4 letters in his name.
SHIP IN A BOTTLE: The ship is called Flying Dutchman.

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 3

The Phantom of the Opera

Retold from the story by Gaston Leroux

Following Christine's disappearance through the mirror of her dressing room, Raoul went to her lodgings. To his amazement he found her in the garden.

"You are under some sort of spell," Raoul said to her bitterly. "I saw your face while you listened to the song that came from your dressing room walls. And then you disappeared. Where did you go?"

Christine looked scared. "You must not spy on me," she whispered. "Do you want to get yourself killed?"

"I have come to tell you that I have to go away," Raoul told Christine. "I want us to spend as much time as possible together before I go." She seemed upset at his news, but the only place she would agree to meet him was at the opera house. Over the next few days they spent many happy hours wandering through the corridors and exploring behind the scenes of the empty stage. Once, when they were passing one of the open trap doors in the stage floor, it closed with a swift gliding movement.

"Shall we explore down there?" suggested Raoul, but Christine looked terrified and pulled him away.

"Everything that is underground belongs to him!" she cried.

"Who is he? I have to know," asked Raoul. "Tell me, please, Christine!"

Christine did not answer but, taking him by the arm, she dragged him up the stairs, going ever higher until they were under the very roof of the opera house. Despite looking behind her at every turn, Christine failed to see the dark shadow that followed them, stopping whenever they stopped and moving on when they did. And Raoul, who only had eyes for Christine, never once thought to look behind him.



Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

WORD POWER

parapet – a low wall running along the edge of a roof

abductor – a person who kidnaps, or abducts, someone

intently – earnestly, diligently, intensely

sublime – awakening feelings of awe, exalted, supreme

ventriloquist – a person who can speak to give the illusion that the sound is coming from somewhere else

impregnable – something that cannot be taken, withstands attack

snuffing – extinguishing, putting a candle out with snuffers or by blowing on it

Out on the roof by the parapet, overlooking Paris, the air was clear and the sun shone.

Christine began to tell Raoul the story of the voice; how it had started to sing to her, and how she had imagined it to be the Angel of Music sent by her father. It had given her lessons in her dressing room every day, which is how she had started to sing so gloriously.

It was only when Christine had seen Raoul, night after night at the opera, that the voice had become angry and jealous. With the croaking singer and the falling chandelier, Christine had realised that this was not an angel but a terrible presence who had taken over her life.

"And that evening, when you completely disappeared from the dressing room through the mirror?"

asked Raoul. "Whatever happened then?"

"I cannot explain it," she replied. "It first happened on my return from Brittany. Suddenly there was no mirror and I was in a dark passage. A cold, bony hand grabbed



my wrist, led me away and put me on a horse. We rode in darkness to the edge of a lake and then took a boat to a house. Finally, I was led into a room filled with dazzling light and, when my eyes became used to it, I saw it was filled with flowers. I turned to look at my abductor and saw a man whose face was covered by a mask, but whose voice I recognised as my Angel. It was the Phantom of the Opera who lives deep below the opera house."

"How did you get away?" asked Raoul.

"The Phantom told me I should stay with him for five days and then I could return. For the next few days he showed me round his domain, and every day he sang to me in his wonderful voice. On the fourth day, while we were singing a duet, I had an uncontrollable urge to see the face beneath the mask and I tore it from his face. Oh! It was so horrible..." Christine's voice trailed off, as she shuddered into silence.

"I will kill him for what he has done to you!" Raoul cried out. At this, the black shadow on the roof behind stirred a little, but neither Christine nor Raoul noticed his presence. Christine continued.

"Listen to me, Raoul! The Phantom's face is so terrible that I knew that because I had seen it, he would never let me go. For the next few days I listened to his sublime singing and I told him that if I appeared to shiver when I saw his face, then it was because I was so thrilled to witness his genius. I lied for the price of my freedom and, little by little, he believed me when I said I wanted to leave, but that I would come back. When he finally let me go, I sent you the note to meet me at the masked ball.

"So, Raoul, I made a promise to return to him," Christine sighed, in despair. "But these past weeks with you have been so happy that I can't bear the thought of going to live with him. Yet if I don't go, something terrible will happen!"

"Why must you go?" demanded Raoul.

"His voice will make me," she replied. "He will go on his knees with his terrible face staring at mine. He will tell me he loves me and he'll weep. Raoul, you cannot imagine how ghastly it is to see that skull cry!"

"We must run away together, tomorrow night!" said Raoul. Then, as he kissed Christine tenderly, there was a great clap of thunder, followed by a lightning flash which rent the evening sky. Looking up, they saw two dreadful, blazing eyes, watching them intently. The couple fled from the roof.

Raoul and Christine raced down stairs and along corridors – anything to get away from the piercing, glowing eyes of the watcher in the shadows. Without looking where they were going, they came to a part of the opera house they did not know and were startled by a figure wearing a long colourful robe, who stepped out of an alcove.

"Go that way and you will be safe!" he said, pointing down some nearby stairs. Soon they found themselves outside Christine's dressing room.

"Who was that strange man?" asked Raoul. "I've not seen him before."

"He's called the Persian," Christine replied. "He knows everything about the opera house and it is rumoured that he even lives here."

"You know, the Phantom is everywhere. He's bound to know what we are planning. We must leave together, immediately!" Raoul pleaded.

But Christine shook her head, sadly.

"I cannot do that. I have promised to sing in the performance tomorrow night," she explained. "But as soon as it ends, please arrange for a coach and horses to wait for us at the stage door and we will run away together."

The Persian watched the pair of them as they disappeared. He sighed as he remembered the terrible crimes the Phantom had committed while at the Shah's court in Persia. As chief of police, the Persian had been outwitted time and again, but once he had saved the Phantom's life. He had followed him to Paris to try and discover the Phantom's secrets and now he feared for the safety of the young opera star.

Over the years, the Persian had watched and waited, learning the tricks the Phantom had devised while living deep beneath the opera house. He had found the trap doors through which the Phantom appeared and disappeared, like a ghost. He had listened to the Phantom throwing his voice like a ventriloquist, fooling people such as the two managers into believing that he was standing right behind them, whispering in their ears, even though no one was there.

Investigating the strange death of Joseph, the scene shifter, the Persian found a secret passage leading to a subterranean world under the theatre, where the Phantom had made his home. A strange world of dimly lit passages, it had an underground lake and an impregnable fortress.

It was to the fortress that the Phantom had taken Christine to try and persuade her to be his bride. Now that Christine and Count Raoul were plotting to run away together, they were in terrible danger. The Persian could only watch and wait to see what the Phantom would do.

That night, Raoul could not sleep. It was clear that the Phantom had heard the plans they'd made on the roof. Suddenly, he saw two glowing eyes staring at

him from the foot of his bed. Was there nowhere safe from the Phantom? Raoul struck a match to light the candle beside his bed. The flame created shadows on his bedroom walls, but there was no one there.

"Just a nightmare," he thought, snuffing the candle. Yet, there were those eyes again. Reaching for a pistol he kept near his bed, he took aim and fired between the dreadful eyes. With a scream, they disappeared. The gunshot brought his servant running.

"What happened?" he asked Raoul, who was examining the window. It had been pierced by the single bullet. Outside on the balcony, he could see drops of blood.

"No ghost bleeds like that," Raoul said to himself, feeling a little relieved. "So the Phantom is flesh and blood after all."



Chapter 4: Christine disappears



ANIMAL HEALING

Healing by the laying on of hands or by the healer focusing on the sick person has been used for centuries. Some doctors and scientists do not believe that these healers heal. Instead, they think that the sick person heals himself by believing the treatment will make them well again.

If this is the case, how do we explain the results claimed by animal healers? An animal cannot believe in a healer in the way a person does. Yet some pet-owners who have turned to animal healers have witnessed some surprising results. No one knows how or why this kind of healing works – but it does!

Healers won't treat any sick animal unless it has been treated first by the vet.

Hands-on healing

Healers let the healing energy flow through them to the patient. They lay their hands over the animal, giving out healing thoughts.



Nicky Prouvost is an animal healer who uses this method. One of her patients was Briggs, a huge Rottweiler, so crippled with arthritis that he had to be carried into her clinic by two large men! His owner was concerned because the dog had lost all interest in life.

Nicky treated Briggs for four weeks in a row, but as there was no change, Nicky told the owner that, unfortunately, what she was doing was not working. A week later there was a ring at the doorbell and who do you think trotted in? Briggs! After Nicky treated him a few more times, he became mobile and began to enjoy life again. His owner even bought him a puppy as a companion.

▲ HAND POWER

Nicky discovered her healing powers when her cat became ill and she found she could make it better. She believes that everyone has the gift of healing.

◀ SURPRISE RESULTS

In healing, results are not always as expected. An animal may not be cured, but it can be helped to go on living comfortably with its disease.





◀ A LIFE SAVER

Becky's owner had considered having her put down to end the dog's suffering. Happily, a healer from the Croydon Healing Centre was able to help Becky and she recovered.

Healing clinics

Healers sometimes work in clinics like the Croydon Healing Centre. Hundreds of pets have been treated there. One success is Becky, a Great Dane. She was suffering horribly from abscesses and, despite vet's treatment over a long time, was not improving. In desperation, her owner brought her to the clinic and, after treatment, Becky started to recover. The vet believed that it was a coincidence that his medicine began to work at the same time that the healing took place. Perhaps the healing helped Becky to respond to the drugs...

Zoos too!

Vets and healers don't usually work together, but one healer, Anne Wilson, works with the vet at Budapest Zoo in Hungary. Anne uses telepathy to find out what is wrong with the animals.



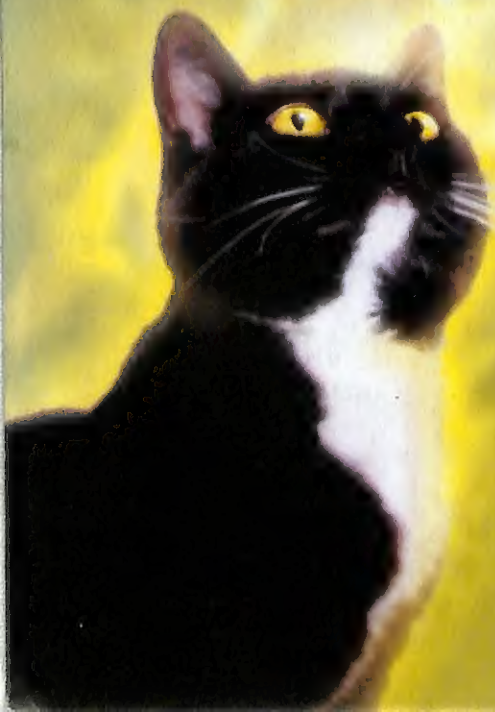
▲ STAR JUMPER

Orion Blaze is now showjumping better than ever – but is this due to nine months of stable rest or to healing? It is difficult to prove.

She treats them with flower remedies. During one visit, the vet took her to see a five-month-old emu chick that was not growing. The chicks who had hatched at the same time, were twice his size. Anne checked out the bird using her own methods and diagnosed the heart as the problem. The vet was doubtful, but could not operate anyway. A few months later the little bird died. The vet who did the post mortem did not know of Anne's diagnosis. He found the bird had died of a blocked chamber in the heart.

From beyond the grave

There is one healer, Charles Siddle, who believes that his healing power actually comes from a vet – a friend of his, now dead, whose spirit works through him. An early success was showjumper Orion Blaze. The horse tripped, pulled a muscle and had to rest for a long while. His owner asked Charles to treat Orion. Charles came, put a crystal in the hay by the horse and laid his hand on the injury. The swelling went down and soon Orion was winning showjumping competitions again!



► ZOO CHECK

An emu chick is far too young to operate on – in fact, birds do not respond well to any anaesthetic.

